

THE
HOURS of LOVE:
IN FOUR
ELEGIES:

V I Z.

NIGHT, } } NOON,
MORNING, } } AND
 } } EVENING.

By a STUDENT of the *Middle Temple*.

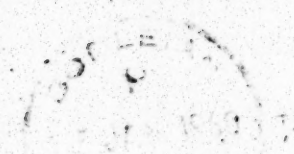
Res est solliciti plena Timoris Amor. OVID.

Written in the YEAR MDCCLII.

D U B L I N:

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
M A R I A,

Countess of *COVENTRY*.

M A D A M,

THE following Elegies, which paint the progress of an unhappy Passion, through the circling i'periods of a single Day, beg Leave to shelter themselves under your Ladyship's Name, from the rude Hands, and unfeeling Hearts of merciless Critics. Love is a Being of too delicate a Constitution to be roughly treated, and here it doubts not to rest secure from their Attacks, within the Privilege of that Sanctuary, which even Critics must approach with Reverence.

But your Ladyship's Protection was not the sole Motive that induced me to this Address.

Address. I had a more politic Design in View. I knew that Elegy is a Kind of Writing which should not be coolly read; and I could think of no surer Method of inflaming the Imagination of my Readers with that gentle Enthusiasm, necessary to a spirited Perusal of these Poems, than by previously calling to their Remembrance the Idea of the *Countess of C O V E N-
T R Y*. The DELIA of the Poems is not sufficiently known, for this Purpose; and, if she were, in Spight of the strongest Partiality that Love can inspire, I must confess, your Ladyship is far beyond her; nor will she condemn me for this Acknowledgement, which powerful Truth extorted from me; for I never knew any Woman who was not content to be thought second to your Ladyship in Beauty, which is but the least considerable of your Perfections.

I had also another Reason for preferring your Ladyship to this Trouble; I hate Flattery, and at the same Time am convinced how difficult it is to avoid it upon these Occasions; I therefore pitched upon your Ladyship as the only Person in the
World,

World, perhaps, whom it is impossible to flatter: so that, by Means of my judicious Choice alone, this Dedication must be allowed that Merit, to which all others have, in vain, pretended, I mean Sincerity. For, if I should bestow upon your Ladyship the most extravagant Praise (with which it is not at all my intention to offend your Ears) who is there that would think I said too much? Posterity indeed might justly think I flattered, but it is because the Painters of the present Age, with respect to your Ladyship, seem rather more averse to flattery, than I am ; but principally, because Posterity can never see the present *Countess of C O V E N T R Y*.

I only wish it were as easy to persuade your Ladyship, as all the World besides, that what I say is Truth ; I hope I shall, at least, gain Credit when I say

I am your Ladyship's

Most devoted,

Most obedient, and

Very humble Servant,

The Author.

Advertisement.

THE Author of the following Lines, having dwelt with Pleasure on the Writings of several of our most eminent Poets, and having, from a very early Acquaintance, their Thoughts almost inseparably blended with his own, without any Design of Imitation, insensibly fell, not only into their Way of thinking, but sometimes into their very Manner of Expression, in some Passages of the following Elegies.

Thus much he thought incumbent upon him to acknowledge to the Public; and further, he must confess, if these Elegies have any Merit, in their Sentiment, Conduct or Simplicity, that it is entirely owing (next to the Beauty that inspired them) to the Taste he acquired in studying Mr. Hammond's elegant Composition of this Kind; and if this Publication shall at any Time occasion the Author's Name to be mentioned in Company with that Gentleman's, he will attain the highest Honour, to which, as a Writer, his Ambition would aspire.

N I G H T.

The F I R S T E L E G Y.

NOW *Cynthia* shone serene with Silver Light,
And Silence reign'd sole Monarch of the Night;
Now scarce a Zephyr fan'd the placid Sky,
But all was hush'd,-----save *Philomel* and I.

Sweet, tuneful Bird, who shun'st the Noise of Day,
Darkling to chaunt thy melancholy Lay,
If it be Love that makes thee loath Repose,
Then let me mingle sympathetic Woes.

But if thy Love, regardless of thy Pain,
Still hears thee sing, and hears thee sing in vain;
How shall my ruder Voice e'er Hope to move,
Or charm my gentle *Delia* into Love?

Here let me Nightly wander in the Grove,
To court th' Idea of my absent Love,
With Fancy's Eye, to gaze upon her Charms,
And press the lovely Phantom to my Arms.

Bring, bring my *Delia's* Image to my Mind,
 And for a Moment let me think her kind :
 Oh ! 'tis in vain-----Imagination dies,
 The fancy'd *Delia*, like the real, flies.

Oh ! I am sick, oppress'd with tender Grief,
 Bring, gentle Love, oh ! bring me soft Relief ;
 Quick, on the Wings of Expectation, fly,
 Oh ! help thy Vot'ry, help me or I die.

The Night's far spent, and soon the Morn shall rise,
 Come, gentle Sleep, and seal these weeping Eyes ;
 Thou Balm of Nature, sink into my Breast,
 Shut ev'ry sense-----O lull my Soul to Rest !

In soft Repose the gentle *Delia's* laid,
 Sweet be the Slumbers of the sleeping Maid,
 Let no rude Thought the peaceful Charm destroy,
 But let her Dream of Love, and Dream of Joy.

Let some bright Vision then my Form assume,
 With Charms delusive and Ethereal Bloom ;
 Then let the Phantom kneel before the Fair,
 And tell her how I love, and how despair.

For oh ! I think, could gentle *Delia* know
 But half my Passion, or but half my Woe,
 She'd surely pity, tho' she'd not approve,
 And tender Pity is a-kin to Love.

MORN-

M O R N I N G.

The S E C O N D E L E G Y.

WISH'D Morn is come-----a chearful Ray of
Light

Peeps thro' the fable Curtains of the Night ;
And now I hear the tow'ring Lark, on high,
Chaunt his glad Mattins thro' the vocal Sky.

Sleepless I've toss'd the tedious Night away,
And wish'd, impatient, for the tardy Day ;
What now avails the chearful Dawn of Light ?
Wrapt in Despair, with me 'tis endless Night.

All Nature seems refresh'd ; must only Love
No kind Repose, no Intermission prove ?
E'en painful Care is sometimes lull'd to Sleep ;
Must Love alone eternal Vigils keep ?

At *Delia's* Window I'll my Station take,
And sing of Love, 'till gentle *Delia* wake ;
In softest Strain, her Slumbers I'll remove,
And she shall wake to Music and to Love.

O!

O ! for *Tibullus*' Voice, for *Hammond*'s Lyre,
To kindle Rapture, and excite Desire !
Then should she melt at ev'ry tender Strain,
And her Heart sigh with sympathetic Pain.

This is her Window----sweetest *Delia* rise,
O lovely Maid, unveil thy radiant Eyes ;
With one soft Smile, chase dark Despair away,
Arise, my *Delia*, smile and make it Day.

She hears me not-----regardless of my Pain,
Or, if she hears, she hears with cold Disdain.
On this bare Earth for ever let me lie,
Here let me languish, here despair and die.

But hark, a Noise!----and now the Window opes !
'Tis *Delia*'s Self----'tis She by all my Hopes !
Soft gracious Smiles, o'er ev'ry Feature play,
Bright as the Radiance of the rising Day.

Hail! beauteous Nymph, in native Charms array'd,
Thou need'st from gawdy Dress no borrow'd Aid ;
How sweet that loose Attire, that careless Air,
In artless Negligence, divinely fair !

Come, come, my Fair, together let us stray,
And taste the Fragrance of the early Day.
So shall young Health, the rosy Child of Morn,
With all his Mother's Bloom thy Cheek adorn.

Look,

Look, look, abroad, behold 'tis Break of Day;
 See, on yon Lawn, the tender Lambkins play;
 Now ev'ry Linnet sings in ev'ry Grove,
 And laughing Nature charms the Soul to Love.

She smiles Assent-----descend, celestial Maid,
 Come to my Arms, my Love, be not afraid.
 Thus let me press my kind, consenting Fair----
 Starting I woke,-----She vanish'd into Air!

Oh! 'twas a flatt'ring Dream; too soon I found;
 Stretch'd at her Door I slept upon the Ground,
 Where *Delia's* Form my busy Fancy drew,
 Deck'd her in Smiles, then thought the Vision true,

Thus let me sleep, oh! thus for ever dream,
 Such heart-felt Extasies, must more than seem;
 Then, like *Endymion*, blest inraptur'd Boy!
 I'll lie intranc'd in everlasting Joy!

NOON.

N O O N.

The T H I R D E L E G Y.

NOW *Phæbus* vertically shoots his Rays
With all the Fervor of his Noon-tide Blaze ;
Now let me seek some solitary Grove,
To give a Loose to Fancy and to Love.

In what soft Scene is gentle *Delia* laid ?
Which is, at Noon, my *Delia's* fav'rite Shade ?
Oft in fair *Richmond's* interwoven Bowers,
Lonely, she loiters out the sultry Hours.

Does she to *Merlin's* * awful Cave retire,
To feast her Fancy with poetic Fire ?
Or to the *Hermitage*, † romantic Vault !
Where learned Busts adorn the classic Grot ?

Oh !

* *Merlin's Cave* in *Richmond Gardens*, where there is a Collection of *English Classics*, to which Mr. POPE alludes in this Line:

Ev'n Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet.

† The *Hermitage* is a Grotto in the same Gardens, in which are placed the Busts of several Learned Men.

Oh! let me find the beauteous Maid alone,
 And, at her Feet, pour out my artless Moan;
 No longer will I pine, in dumb despair,
 Perhaps my *Delia* is as kind as fair.

Let the soft influence of th'enchanted Scene,
 The mazy Thickets, Walks for ever green,
 The flow'ry Lawn, the Light excluding Grove,
 Incline her to the melting Voice of Love.

But hark, there's Music!---'tis my *Delia's* Voice,
 My *Delia* sings, let all the Grove rejoice!
 Hush ev'ry Breeze, let not an Aspin move,
 Let all be silent, *Delia* sings of Love.

Sweet Maid, let me not interrupt your Song,
 Let the soft Notes still warble on thy Tongue;
 And yet it is too much, at once, to wound
 Our Eyes with Beauty, and our Ears with Sound.

Start not, my *Delia*, here's no Danger near,
 Thy Beauty guards thee----banish ev'ry Fear;
 E'en Love himself, the Tyrant of my Heart,
 Awes with Respect, and takes fair Beauty's Part.

Long have thy Charms depriv'd my Soul of Rest,
 Long has th'Infection rankled in my Breast;
 To speak my tender Sorrow oft I've try'd,
 As oft my Tongue the tender Task deny'd.

Oh!

Oh! hear me, gentle *Delia*, hear me now,
 Incline propitious to my love-sick Vow:
 So may thy Charms no fading Changes prove,
 But Bloom for ever, constant as my Love.

Tho' unadorn'd with Titles or with Pow'r,
 Tho' Fortune smil'd not on my natal Hour,
 Yet I've a Heart that's rich in fond desire,
 And my Soul glows with more than vulgar Fire.

But if 'tis Wealth alone thy Love can draw,
 I'll dig for Treasure in the Mines of * Law;
 Pierce the dull Gloom of *Coke's* pedantic Lore,
 And, from his Dross, extract the purest Ore.

Wond'ring shall *Delia* hear my praises rung,
 What flowing Periods trickle from my Tongue!
 Inspir'd by thee, and Love's superior Aid,
 Like *Coke*, I'll counsel, and, like *Tully*, plead.

Unpleasing thus, I'll drudge away my Youth,
 Far from the Paths of Science and of Truth;
 Wage endless Battles at the noisy Bar,
 To deck thee with the Spoils of Civil War.

For me-----if 'twere not to enrich my Fair,
 I'd wish to shun the bustling Noise of Care,

Far,

* The AUTHOR is designed for the Profession of the Bar.

Far, in the Centre of some peaceful Grove,
Retir'd, to dwell with *Delia* and with Love.

Then should we feast on pure extatic Bliss,
Exchanging Souls at ev'ry melting Kiss,
Wrapt in Delight, my *Delia* then should prove,
How poor all Grandeur is compar'd to Love.

Ah! do not go----my gentle *Delia* stay ;
You'll scorch your Beauties in the Blaze of Day ;
The Sun now rages in his highest Noon-----
And 'tis a Pity sure to part so soon.

But if we must-----let's take one tender Leave.
Shall we, my fair, meet here again at Eve ?
Oh there's celestial Music in that *Yes* !
Thus let me seal the Promise of my Bliss,

C

EVENING.

EVENING.

The FOURTH ELEGY.

HOW mild the Evening, how serene the Sky!
 With Streaky purple ting'd, ethereal Dye!
 Calm Stillness rules, no Zephyr seems to move,
 And the soft Hour invites the Soul to Love.

The tedious Minute now approaches near,
 When *Delia* promis'd she would meet me here:
 And now, to feast my *Delia* in this Bow'r,
 I've gathered ev'ry Fruit and ev'ry Flow'r.

The velvet Peach, the Plumb's unfully'd Blue,
 Emblem of untouch'd Beauty's virgin Hue;
 The Pine's rich Fruit, less Nature's Child than Art's,
 And Cherries----that resemble bleeding Hearts.

To form a Couch, these Roses here I'll strow,
 With these I'll weave a Garland for her Brow;
 With *Flora's* Gifts, fantastic dress her Hair,
 Then gaze with Wonder on the smiling Fair!

Then

Then will I press her little Hand in mine,
While she, with blushing Innocence divine,
And soft Reluctance, shall my Hand controul,
I'll pour out all the Rapture of my Soul.

Grown bold in Love, transported with my Bliss,
On her ripe Lips I'll print a living Kiss,
Whose warm Impression fondly shall impart
And send the soft Infection to her Heart.

Love's Fire shall flash around her as I gaze,
And *Delia's* Eye shall kindle in the Blaze ;
Thro' ev'ry Vein shall flame the young Desire,
Like subtil Magic of Electric Fire.

From Soul to Soul the mutual Blaze thus caught;
Wish meeting Wish, and Thought preventing
Thought,
Together we'll expire in Flames of Love,
So *Semele* was once consum'd by *Jove*.

But hark ! she comes-----the punctual Maid is
near ;
The Silky rustling of her Veil I hear.
I'll run to meet her---soft---'twas but a Breeze,
That, gently breathing, fan'd the quiv'ring Trees.

And yet the Time's claps'd----why this Delay ?
And now the setting Sun has clos'd the Day.

I'll

I'll climb the lofty Summit of this Tree,
Haply from thence my *Delia* I may see.

Oh ! 'tis a dreary Defart all around !
I strain my Eye-Balls, yet no *Delia's* found.
Now were it well, to ease at once my Pains,
And, leaping hence, beat out my delp'rate Brains.

I knew she would not come----deccitful Maid !
How soon her Smiles my easy Faith betray'd !
Who'd think that *Delia* fallcely thus could do ?
Yet, as a Woman, who could think her true ?

Who knows but now, most lavish of her Charms,
Loosely she wantons in some Rival's Arms,
While, drunk with luscious Love, th'i itemperate Boy
Riots in Blifs, and surfeits with the Joy.

Distracting Thought ! 'tis Phrenzy ! 'tis Despair !
I'll fly this Instant to th'abandon'd Fair,
Her and her Paramour I'll drag to Light,
And feast censorious Matrons with the Sight.

Yet stay my Heart ! whence this tumult'ous Speed !
My *Delia's* wrong'd----she's Innocence indeed ;
She's chaste, she's virtuous, as the vestal Flame,
'Tis I am wretched-----she's a spoile's Name.

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